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Poetical Department.

COME THOU TO ME.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Come thou to me! for the sun is setting,
And the pale stars peep from their azure screen;
Light dews the violet's leaves are wetting,
And pearly drops on the grass are seen!
Night's veil is falling o'er land and sea—
Come thou to me! come thou to me!

Come thou to me! Daylight is fading,
And the young birds have folded their weary wings;
The vapours of twilight the mountains are shading
And silver mists rise from the cold fountain's springs?
Night's robe is closing o'er land and sea—
Come thou to me! come thou to me.

Come thou to me!—for the bees are reposing,
Who've hum'd 'mid the thyme bank the long sunny day;
The butterfly's wings on the rose leaves are closing,
The ants from their hillocks are up and away!
Night's veil is falling o'er land and sea—
Come thou to me! come thou to me!

Come thou to me! the ring dove is mourning,
Like the sigh of some lover amid the pine trees.
Who waits with impatience the dear one's returning,
And murmurs his griefs to the stars and the breeze!
Night's curtain closes o'er land and sea—
Come thou to me! come thou to me!

A Selected Tale.

From the Southern Literary Gazette.

THE MAROON.

A LEGEND OF THE CARRIBEES.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.,

Author of "The Yemassee," etc.

Let us now return to our "Maroon."—Three days upon his desolate island did not materially lessen its terrors, or increase its attraction, in the eyes of Lopez de Leyva. He still shuddered, not less at its fanciful and unknown danger, than at his isolation among them. But the necessity of looking about him—of looking upward, indeed, of feeling himself in motion, and realizing as thoroughly as he could, the sense of life, as well its consciousness of suffering,—led him, at the end of this period, to make an effort, which in his previous feeling of despair, he had never thought it possible he should make again. The nature, even of the constitutionally timid man, does not easily succumb to fortune—does not usually, except, perhaps in the first moment of overthrow, yield itself submissively to fate. The first moment of weariness which succeeds the contest, is, perhaps, the one of greatest prostration; and, after that, the recuperative energies arouse themselves, and the sufferer, together, The very sense of abandonment is usually one of awakening and new resolve. This is one of the marked characteristics of the human nature. Indeed, the natural impulse of every free moral agent is resistance. To oppose, to struggle, to contend, to contend to the last, and even where consciousness of the conflict itself fails, is one of the earliest, as it is one of the most necessary developments, of the moral instinct. Combativeness, indeed, is one of the most important of our moral qualities. It is one which, arguing always the presence of a great and pressing necessity, is, at the same time, continually counselling the means by which to contend against it.

Lopez de Leyva, though feeble, was not entirely wanting in the natural instinct; and, armed with the Spanish crossbow, and the shafts which had been accorded him—a spear, a knife, and one or two other implements of use and necessity, which might, in the event of exigency, be converted into weapons—he now proceeded to explore his empire. A sense of his possessions was also rapidly beginning to make itself felt in his reasonings. That delightful human instinct, which, in the consciousness of sway, reconciles us so readily to all its dangers, was about to contribute its assistance toward comforting our Maroon in his desolation. He was

indeed a sovereign, though he commanded no subjects. Yet, the wild fowl which sped along the shore before his footsteps, or sprang aloft, wheeling in slow gyrations overhead, as he drew nigh their coverts, might be made to feel his authority as well as to minister to his wants. He could persecute, punish and destroy them, quite as certainly, and certainly with less danger to himself, than if they were of his own species; and a sense of fierce delight at this consciousness of his power to do mischief, was grateful to his heart, as it always is to that of the being who is himself peculiarly sensible to the influences of fear. He was beginning to regard with complacency a condition from which there was no escape. A thousand years might elapse, as Velasquez had malignantly assured him, without suffering the provos of any European vessel to approach so nearly to his islet as to discover the existence of its lone possessor. He must make the most of that existence. He must hoard, must economize his resources, as well of thought and enjoyment, as of covering and food. He must not destroy his subjects simply to exercise his authority. His power must be sparingly indulged for his own sake and safety. He laid aside his guitar with care and tenderness, protecting it from hurt and exposure, by hanging it beneath the friendly palm trees where he had passed the night. In the first paroxysm of his despair and madness, conscious that his dangerous but delightful instrument was connected with his present sufferings, he was about to dash it upon the bleak sands and trample it under foot, or cast it from him into the engulfing and surrounding sea. He knew not, himself, why he forebore to do so. Some tender recollection in his thought procured its safety; some conviction that it might minister to him in his wretched exile; and the desperate passion which might have destroyed it, was restrained. Yet bitter were the tears that he shed over it, as, arousing from the swoon that followed the departure of the vessel from his eyes, he found the cruel memorial still about his neck, where it had been hung by the mocking hands of his enemy. With the subdued temper that followed the first feeling of his despair, the instrument became doubly precious, as it not only spoke of future solace, but reminded him of former enjoyments. It constituted one of the few moral links which connected him still with the great family of man. He lacked the courage to part with any of his treasures, and the care with which he secreted his favorite instrument beneath the palm trees, was that of the tender mother, who leaves her infant for a while, solicitous of its comfort even while she has no fears for its safety; and sometimes looking back, not with any hope to see, but that her eyes involuntarily yield themselves to the course indicated by her heart.

This charge disposed of, Lopez de Leyva grasped his spear with as much martial dignity as he could command. He felt for his knife at his girdle, he slung the crossbow over his shoulder, and, ready for any event, he sallied forth to explore his empire. But though his territory was a small one, such an adventurous spirit would have traversed wholly, and surveyed thoroughly, in the course of a single day, our Maroon was quite too timid, too cautious in his footsteps, not to make it a work of longer time.—Several days were necessary to his examination. He proceeded slowly, and winding heedfully about, and probing every cove before he penetrated it, he first assured himself against any possible danger from secret foes, before he made his search satisfactory. His domain was equally ample and compact; not wanting in variety, but having its elevations of rock, and its valley of verdure and its long wastes and stretches of sand, in a comparatively close compass. The islet was not, as it had been thought by Velasquez, a mere series of sand hills, raised up by the sea, the creation of its own contending billows. It was a solid rock, whose gradual ascent, nowhere rising into more than a very gentle elevation, admitted of the easy accumulation of sand and soil, which, in process of time, had, in various places, received a covering of very green and beautiful vegetation.—The shrubbery was rather close than lofty.—Among the trees were the plantain, the cocotnut, the breadfruit and the banana. The pine apple grew in gold and purple, unobserved by man; and slender vines, which shot out from the knotted and ancient bulks, from crevices of the rock, ran wantonly over the sides of sudden billows, which they garnished with blue clusters of the grape. Verily, our musician had an empire in truth. Velasquez little dreamed of the treasure he had given away in his malice. The sterile islet was a principality of fairy land, and Lopez de Leyva grew more and more reconciled to life as he beheld the wealth which lay scattered around him. His possessions were beyond his wants. Nature had made ample provision, and millions might have been found among the needy and oppressed children of Europe, to whom a life of exile and isolation in such an abode, would have been the most acceptable boon of heaven. Nor were these vegetable possessions all that came to Lopez with his empire. Tribes of small wild animals wanted before his footsteps, scarcely seeming to fear his presence; and the nimble little marmoset or the tropic, with a petty, playful mischief, darting before him as he came, would fling the nuts from the tree tops, and chatter, in equal fun and defiance, at his sovereign authority. Our Maroon began to grow interested in his possessions, and fate soon conducted him to other discoveries. His island, stretching away from north to south, was exceedingly long in proportion to its width. He had been landed at the northern extremity, at which point it had been impossible to conceive its dimensions, except from its width, and this had led to conclusions which gave no reasons to suppose its extent to be half so great as Lopez found it. At the close of the third day of his explorations, he had nearly reached its southern extremity. He had

found the land gradually to rise as he advanced, until, toward the close, taken in comparison with the uniform level of the sand and sea surrounding the spot to which he approached, and by which the island was terminated in this quarter, he discovered what might be considered a moderate mountain. It was certainly a large and imposing hill, seen from the low shores or the waters which surrounded them. Here, too, the groves thickened into something like a forest. Heated by his ramble, and somewhat fatigued, as the day was wearing to its close, he passed gladly for shelter into the shady recesses of its heights. He soon found himself in one of the coolest realms of shade which he had ever traversed. A natural pathway, as it seemed, conducted him forward. Gradually advancing, he at length emerged from the thicket only to stand upon the brow of a rugged eminence which rose, almost perpendicularly, overlooking the sea. A small flat of sandy beach lay at his feet, which was evidently subject to overflow at the rising of the tide. Not half a mile beyond could be seen a small cluster of little rocks, just peering above the sea, scarcely bigger, it would seem, than so many human heads, which the waves covered at high water. Between them he could distinguish the boiling and striving of the billows, which sent up a sheeted shower far above the rocks with which they strove. Long lines, stretching from several points and losing themselves among these rocks, betrayed the course of strong currents which were caused by the capricious whirlpools that lay within their embrace. The eye of Lopez took in all these objects, but they did not bound his survey.—Stretching far beyond, did he only fancy, or did he really behold a slender dark speck which might be the outline of a shore corresponding with that on which he stood? miles of ocean lay between them, but in that unclouded realm of sunshine and of calm, objects might be seen from an eminence, such as that on which he stood, at a surprising distance. It was only in glimpses now that he beheld, or fancied the object in his gaze. Sometimes it would utterly disappear, but this might be from the continued and eager tension of his vision; again would it grow out boldly beneath his eyes; but this might be in obedience only to the desires of his mind.

Long and feverishly did he watch, and many were his conjectures as to the distant empire which his hope or his sight had conjectured up. He turned away, and his glances rested upon the smooth plane of yellow sand beneath his feet, which lay, inviting to his tread, glinting a thousand fires from bits of crystal, which reflected the now waning sun-light. To this little expanse which looked so exceedingly inviting from his heights, by noting a convenient series of rude steps, which wound below—little gaps in the hill-side, or fractures in the naked rock, which one might almost be tempted to imagine, —so admirable was the assistance which they gave to the anxious footsteps,—had been the work of art. Following these, Lopez descended to the hard and sandy floor, and standing in the shadow of the rock, he once more looked forth eagerly upon the doubtful waste of sea. There still lay the empire of his desire. It was along and over those billows that he was yet to see the glimmer of a saving hope. Such was still his dream, and, seating himself upon the sand, he inscribed almost unconsciously the names of Spain, of the Dian de Burgos, and of the lowly hamlet in his own country, from which he had been persuaded regretfully to wander. Then followed rude outlines of the ship which had abandoned him, and then, naturally enough, a portrait, something less rude, of the fair but passionate woman, for whose fatal love, he was suffering the dreadful doom of exile and isolation. His own name was written, but as quickly obliterated, musing over the melancholy record, his heart failed him, and he sunk forward, prone, upon the faint memorials which the rising waters would soon wash away forever. Thus he lay, moaning, for many weary minutes, till, all at once, a coldness fell upon him which chilled him to the heart, and aroused him to more immediate apprehensions. The shadow of the hill beneath which he lay was upon him. The sun was slowly receding from the heights. Starting to his feet, he turned to re-ascend the hill, and recoiled with a feeling little short of horror, as he beheld the huge mouth of a cavern yawning directly upon him. This cavern was open to the sea. Its waters, at their rising, passing the little stretch of sand upon which he had lain, glided into the dim hollow, which now looked, grimly threatening, upon the easily alarmed spectator. The opening was not a very large one, but would easily admit of the passage of three or more persons at a time. Its lips were covered with a soft and beautiful clothing of green moss which made the darkness within seem yet more dismal. Long grasses, and thick shrubs and vines hanging over from above, contributed to increase the solemnity of its aspect, as showing the depth and certainty of its solitude; and the deep silence which prevailed within, added still more greatly to the impressive influence with which it possessed the soul of the "Maroon," while he timidly yet eagerly gazed upon the opening. At the first discovery of this domain of solemnity and silence, he receded almost to the sea. He was not encouraged by the stillness. A voice from within, the cry of a beast the rush of a bird's wing—had been more encouraging. His advance was very gradual,—but he did advance, his doubts being much less easy of endurance than the absolute presence of a real cause of apprehension. With trembling nerves he presented his spear, and got his knife in readiness. The spear was thrust deep into the throat of the cavern, but it provoked no disquiet within. Then, his hair erecting itself, and his heart rising in his throat as he advanced, he, at length, fairly made his way into the subterranean dwelling. There he shouted, and the sounds came rolling back, upon him from so many hollow voices within, that

he once more recoiled from the adventure, and hurried back in terror to the entrance.

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But he gathered courage for a second trial. The answering echoes were not followed by any evil, though they seemed to mock his ears with a laughter such as he had heard from the tyrant of the Dian de Burgos, when he devoted him to his melancholy exile. He passed again into the cavern, taking care, by his own silence, to provoke no such fearful responses as those which had driven him forth. A few feet brought him to a small dark pool which lay directly in his pathway, and which left but a narrow space between its own margin and the walls of the cavern. This he sounded with his spear, and found to be shallow. It was a lakelet left by the waves of the ocean, by which, at its overflow, the cave was evidently penetrated. Passing this pool, our "Maroon" found himself upon a dry floor, the foundation of which was the solid rock; but a slender coating of soil had formed upon it, which was in turn, clothed with a nice smooth covering of green and velvet-like moss. Here he was gladdened by a glimpse of the sun, which, breaking through a chink in the rock, a slender crevice, glided along the rugged vault side, affording to the timid adventurer, a more perfect idea of an angel presence, than he had ever before possessed. Another opening in the rock, almost immediately above, afforded sufficient light for his examination of the whole interior. The cave narrowed to a still slenderer gap, as he advanced, than was the one by which he had entered. This was the entrance to another apartment. It was sometime before he ventured to enter this and not until he had thrust his spear, its full length, into its recesses. He then clambered up, for the elevation of this inner chamber was greater than the first. Here he was again refreshed with brief glimpses of the sunlight, which, peeping in through two openings of the rock, looking like two of the most natural and smiling eyes in the world. This apartment, though of less height, was of larger area than the other. It soon afforded him new subjects of curiosity if not alarm. In the centre of the chamber stood a rock, scarcely larger than a blacksmith's anvil, and having something of the appearance of one, on which lay the remains of a fire. Brands lay half consumed, the fires of which were now extinguished; but the ashes were there, still undisturbed, as if the flame had only recently gone out. Piles of an aromatic gum, lay upon a shelf of the rock, and other piles, in slender fragments, of wood of which our Maroon knew nothing, lay contiguous also. But what most attracted his attention, were certain numerous shreds of dark hair, soft, fine and very long, like the hair of women, which hung, neatly tied in separate volumes, from the tops of reeds, which were stuck about the vaulted roof of the cavern, and wherever a crevice could be found sufficiently large in which to introduce their slender extremities. Examining several of these shreds of hair, the wonder of the explorer was increased to discover that the ends of them were shriveled as in the flame. There were other objects to excite his surprise, if not to occasion his alarm. Baskets of shells and pebbles, flowers which had decayed, a bow and many arrows,—all of the latter being broken—and a heavy string of large pearls which had been slightly injured in the fire, but which Spanish cupidity readily conceived could still possess considerable value in the Cuba market.

(To be continued.)

Political Department.

From the Charleston Mercury.

MR. RHETT.

The speech of this distinguished Carolinian at the late meeting in Charleston, has raised a terrible dust among the political rubbish in Washington. Mr. Clay was thrown into "terrors and fits"—Mr. Foote pressed his two hands on his bosom, and looked sick, and the Union turned up the white of its gander eyes in speechless amazement. After a while they all three recovered their speech, and a great spluttering followed. Mr. Clay's part in the scolding has been already briefly reported. It was coarse, insolent, and, as far as it had any meaning, just as applicable to the resolves of the Legislatures of at least half a dozen States, as Mr. Rhett. They have all equally asserted the right and the determination to resist, at all hazards and to the last extremity, the unconstitutional and ruinous designs of the free soil party. Mr. Rhett may believe these designs nearer consummation than others, and he may differ from them in thinking that it is nearly hopeless to attempt to counteract them in the Union. But it remains to be shown that Mr. Rhett is wrong and the others right in the points wherein they differ. Time has not weakened the force of his position, and the insolent threats and coarse denunciations of Mr. Clay do not very much increase the chances of an honorable and peaceable settlement of the question. They do not promise much in the way of justice to the South. The threats of a "traitor's doom" and "invasion" do not savor of the perpetuity of the Union, but indicate that even in Mr. Clay's view, it is a rotten and foul carcass that is no longer to be held together by its own warm vitality, but by force, by chains and locks, the safeguards of a lawless and hated despotism. Mr. Clay appeals to violence in behalf of the Union, and threatens South Carolina with the gibbet for speaking their minds.

We are glad, to see that the Southern Press and the Republic in Washington republish Mr. Rhett's speech. The Union of course could not go so far. But it makes a great howling over it, opening with: "one of the most remarkable signs of Southern sentiment is the far-famed speech of Mr. Rhett, of South Carolina," &c.,

and thence proceeding with a tirade that looks very much like hysterics, and ending with picking out of their connection, some of the strong passages and arraying them as "precious specimens."

The "Southern Press" accompanies the speech with a strong editorial, in which Mr. Clay's denunciation of Mr. Rhett is repelled with dignity and effect.

Our cotemporaries of the South Carolinian, and the State Rights Republican have taken the occasion to make some pretty severe comments on Mr. Clay. The Carolinian opines that Mr. Clay must be bent on enlarging the market for one of the staples of his State, and proceeds to say:

"Could Mr. Clay's pious wishes be carried out every pine tree in the South would be a gallows and old Kaintuck could not supply rope enough for a halter for every Southerner whose heart beats in unison with the sentiments uttered by Mr. Rhett."

"The doom of a traitor! And this invoked in the Senate Chamber of the United States by a recreant to the South, upon the head of an ardent and devoted friend of her rights under the Constitution. We may well despair of justice, when an expressed determination of resistance to aggression upon the constitutional rights of any portion of our people is branded treason in the Senate Chamber, and draws forth applause from the galleries."

The State Rights Republican, after passing a warm eulogium on Mr. Rhett's speech, and treating the Kentucky Senator's attack with a pretty broad expression of scorn, fortifies itself with an admirably apt quotation from a New England Orator:

"Although England," to use the words recently uttered by General Cushing, of Massachusetts: "Although England set a price on the heads of John Hancock and Thomas Cushing, as traitors, yet they well might and they did retort—that the aggressor and not the aggrieved; that the violator of the public compact not the victim of the violation; that the oppressive majority, not the oppressed minority, was responsible for the dissolution of the Union between, the British Colonies and the British metropolis."

If Mr. Rhett be a traitor, the citizens of South Carolina are traitors to a man. Should he meet with a traitor's doom, so considerably and piously invoked for him by the pseudo-patriot, Henry Clay, there will be thousands who would gladly share his fate."

The other day a motion was made in the Senate to give the editors of the Southern Press a vote. The motion was made by the editor of the National Era and also in the editor of the anti-slavery organ published in Washington city. This is one of the annoyances that a sanction of sectional organs at Washington has prepared for the South. The Press is established on purpose to meet the arguments of the Era. The South acknowledges that the opponent is respectable, and worthy to be met in the war of words. If Congress then give privileges to one, it must in all courtesy extend them to the other. We should vote against admitting either on the floor of the Senate. We should pay no compliment to sectionalism; but if either was admitted, we should admit both. If we must have such a set-to, let it be fair—no gouging. Louisville Democrat.

The Editor of the Louisville Democrat don't know how he would vote on this question. He would have to ask his party leaders or masters. In assigning us an equality with the Editor of the National Era the Democrat has given us a position much above his own. We have far more respect for the man who engages in the chimerical scheme of making a freeman of a negro, than for one who, like the Editor of the Democrat, has made in his own person a slave of a white man.—Southern Press.

The Morgan county meeting declare in favor of county meetings, but do not relish the idea of a mass of the whole people of the State.—They dread the effect of the demonstration when the mass meeting of the people, proposed in this paper, takes place. Well may we dread it. It will blow this Clay compromise sky high by an indignant blast of the popular voice of Georgia.

Why do not the Clay compromise party propose a counteracting mass meeting? Do they dread the comparison of numbers, and of popular enthusiasm at the respective meetings? We reckon this must be the case. Augusta Constitutionalist.

REPUBLICAN INSTITUTIONS.—The admirable working of our true republican institutions was never more forcibly illustrated than in the sequence of the mournful event which recently deprived this mighty nation of its Chief Magistrate. Such an event in other governments would have suddenly checked the whole machinery of the political establishment; whilst here the event, apart from its unexpectedness, and the public grief which was excited in the minds of our people by the death of a distinguished man, scarcely caused a ripple on the surface of our well-ordered social and political institutions.

The Constitution wisely provided for this contingency, and designated a successor who immediately resumed the functions of the office vacated, and, in presence of the people's representatives took its oath, and at once was recognised as President of a nation of twenty-seven million of people. There was no let or hindrance, not even a murmur from political opponents. Such a spectacle must appear wellnigh incomprehensible to the people of less favoured lands. To the faithful maintenance of such a Constitution we fervently say, *esto perpetua*.

South Carolinian.